

THE
CONTEST;

In which is exhibited a

P R E F A C E

In Favour of

BLANK VERSE;

With an EXPERIMENT of it, in

An O D E,

Upon the BRITISH COUNTRY LIFE,

By ROGER COMBERBACH, Esq;

An EPISTLE from
Dr. BYROM to Mr. COMBERBACH,
In DEFENCE of RHYME;

A N D

An ECLOGUE by Mr. *Comberbach*,
In Reply to Dr. BYROM.

*Posthabuit dulci Thyrsis sua seria ludo,
Dum certamen erat Corydon cum Thyrside magnum.*
VIRG.

Printed for Messrs. T. and T. LONGMAN, in *Pater-noster-Row*, London,
and J. LAWTON, in *Chester*. G.

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PREFACE

BY H. H. H. H.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

OF GREAT BRITAIN

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P R E F A C E.

THE author of the following ode designed it only for his private relaxation, but having hastily communicated an imperfect sketch of it, he found himself obliged to revise it, though he is not used to poetry, and if he had a genius for it (which he is conscious he has not) has neither ambition to shine in that way, nor leisure to be correct.

He has been deprived of the pleasure of being much acquainted with English poetry, not only by a life of business, but likewise by his distaste of rhyme, which he never could get over.

But upon reading Mr. Mason's ingenious treatises of poetic and prosaic harmony, it came into his thoughts that the soft Iambic, which the English language easily falls into,
might

might have a good effect in lyric measure without rhyme, and being instructed by the same author, that the harmony of Milton's versification consisted in the various disposition of his pauses, he took up this experiment for his amusement.

Rhyme is certainly false taste, and was always avoided by the learned antients.

A constant sameness of measure, and close of periods with the same sound, is extremely tiresome to the ear, like bells rung in the common way, which well rung in changes, would afford an harmonious variety.

It is therefore humbly recommended to men of elevated genius and vacant minds, to rescue the British Muse from her Gothic fetters, which have indeed been much honoured by many famous writers, and by the highest polish made easy and fashionable; yet to that incumbrance only it must be imputed, that the best of them have not reached the free sublimity of Shakespear and Milton.

Blank

Blank metre, with varied rests, is natural harmony; and the writers of it have one advantage even of the antients, in being less subject to the restraint of quantity, and not at all confined to the hasty dactyle; which Dionysius, and from him Mr. Mason, have placed among the measures which they term ignoble.

It must be acknowledged, however, that some of Milton's imitators have been too fond of an affected pomp and painful swell. His subject required the highest pitch of sublime; but in subjects that are upon the level with human life, which perhaps are more instructive, tho' less heroic, the glowing warmth of Virgil seems the best pattern.

If it should be thought out of character for a lawyer to write verses, he begs leave to make this apology. After long perseverance in the study of his profession (for no one has taken more pains in it) finding that his natural aversion to contention rendered him too opportune to be overborn, he at last grew sick of bar-

bar-practice, and sought to find out some relief in these more quiet studies ; but as he has other business that now requires his attention, he is determined, for the future, not to suffer his fondness for these amusements, to encroach in the least upon that duty which he owes to his family.



The



The *British* Country Life.

An O D E,

Upon the Plan of *Horace's* second Epode.



A P P Y who far from busy crowds,
Like man's primeval race,
With his own oxen acres plows
Paternal, clear of debt.
His duty by religious truths
Directed, neither prone
To frantic zeal, nor proud conceit
Of human reason, dark
And cheerless, till by heav'nly grace
Illumin'd. He submits
To ruling pow'rs, in state affairs
Not curious, of himself
Serenely lord, from party rage
And tyrant passions free.
Him neither wars fierce trumpets rouse,
Nor the seas dreadful rage
Dismays; the noisy bar he shuns,
And waits not on the smiles

Of great ones. Either his domain

He marls, or acorns sows,

Or poplar plants, or useful ash,

Or prunes his wanton vines.

Or else in winding vale observes

His lowing wanderers,

Or honey stows in fictiles clean,

Or sheers his languid sheep.

Now underneath some aged oak,

Now on th'imprinted grass

Extended, while the loud cascade,

Or dulcet silvan choir,

Or softest murmurs of the brook

His easy slumbers charm.

Approaching sports in lively dreams

Anticipated, brisk

He rises; his obsequious bowls

On velvet lawn now haste,

Now loiter, courted with fond voice

And gesture, to embrace

Th'attractive mark; Great in the lists

The curate: Spirits wait

On temp'rance: Emulation warm

Fills ev'ry breast: Delights

To climes less happy, scorch'd or chill'd,

Deny'd; the cheary night

With useful chat, not without song,

O'er sprightly beer concludes.

And when the wintry welkin low'rs

With gath'ring storms and snow,

Strong health and manly sports his tube

Supplies, far slaught'ring Hark!

The distant shout at early dawn

And sprightly horn bid rouse;

Now

Now glows the jovial chase: oh bliss
 When hill and valley ring!
 Who thus amus'd forgets not soon
 Love's soft distress? perchance
 A chaste and loving wife keep neat
 His house and charming babes,
 Her part sustaining (happy state
 Of wedlock, often found
 Beneath thatch'd roof) laborious, swift
 And sunburnt; she betimes
 Uprising, wholesome breakfast sets
 In order; or at ev'n
 Her weary spouse expecting, rears
 The chearful fire; now drains
 Her milky charge, rejoic'd to quit
 Their swelling load; now crowns
 The sparkling bowl, and freely heaps
 With chear unbought the board.

Great Britain, plenteous isle despise
 The dainty cook, detach'd
 By fraudulent France, with compound
 Feast exotic, to consume
 Thy health and treasure, and corrupt
 Thy dreaded virtues, erst
 In bloody battles sorely prov'd;
 Avoid the gaudy bait
 Of canker'd luxury, oft gorg'd
 At White's by thoughtless beaux,
 Profuse of honour and estate.
 More sweet and wholesome far
 The barn-door fowl, or Sunday's feast
 Good beef and dumplin coarse,
 Or apples bak'd in rustic paste

High rais'd with Cestrian cheese;
 But chiefly let the garden, best
 Of larders, yield me choice
 Of chear salubrious, roots and pulse,
 And blended fallads, stew'd
 With homed bacon, fav'ry meal;
 Nor the fields native stores
 Be scorn'd; wild endive, sorrel sour,
 And healing mallow, balm
 Of surfeits, highly priz'd of old
 In venerable song.
 Thus feasting, oh! what joy to see
 My fleecy care revers'd
 On floating mirror, as they graze
 Th'enamell'd banks! to see
 My weary'd oxen ill dragg home
 The prostrate plough! to see
 The merry hall, where swarm to sports
 Or tale, my vassal train!

Thus the great Lawyer Vernon spoke
 Retiring (blest escape
 From chanc'ry bar to peaceful groves!)
 But at th'approach of term
 Returns to London with more speed
 Than he forsook it; still
 Moils on, and for retirement, sweet
 Retirement, pining dyes.

Doctor

Doctor BYROM'S LETTER
to Mr. COMBERBACH,

Occasion'd by the foregoing *Preface* and *Ode*.

Dear Sir,

THO' friend to rhyme which you explode,
Nevertheless I thank you for your ode,
And preface also; for my part I chuse
A plain, familiar, honest, rhyming muse,
And prize her numbers far beyond all blanks,
Excuse the freedom, and accept the thanks.

Musing moreover on your printed Sheet,
Respect suggested that it was but meet
In rhymes defence, a rhyme or two to write,
Lest haply silence shou'd be deem'd a slight;
Not with a captious critical design,
That, Sir, is far from any thought of mine;
But in a point of this poetic kind,
You may expect a man to speak his mind,
To own the justice of the reasons, why
You wou'd extirpate rhyme,—or else reply.

'Tis your permission then that I invoke
To guard the Muse from such a fatal Stroak,
Her aid invoc'd in any other task;
In this—'tis mine that she is pleas'd to ask;
The poet now must lend the Muse an aid,
And save the right of the melodious maid.

You

You send me here, an elegance quite new,
 A plan from Horace—and well copy'd too,
 As far as chosen epithet and pause
 Harmonious, modulate the lyric clause,
 As far as native scene thro' ev'ry line
 Of Roman or of British bard can shine;
 As far in short as ev'ry grace but one
 Bedecks the theme that either writes upon,
 The country life; which Horace in his way,
 And you in yours so lyricly display.

That one however is a special grace,
 Tho' Roman Horace could not give it place;
 His Latin language, fill'd with many more,
 Wanted not rhyme to grace its ample store.
 But in our own—tho' one should dare to match
 With Roman Horace British C———
 It would be too, too partial to the tongue
 To say that rhyme was needless in the song;
 Which tho' in pompous buskin verse declin'd
 Is quite essential to the odal kind.

Your own attempt—and if another man
 Thinks he can better your Horatian plan,
 Let him attempt it—you I say have shewn
 That lyric pause will hardly do alone.
 With all the force of emphasis, and choice
 Of word and stop, to pre-engage the voice;
 Still they who read, and they who hear it read,
 Hang in suspence—if to be sung or said;
 Some that I shew'd it to, intent to read,
 Have well begun, but cou'd not well proceed;
 Well they begun—but as they went along
 They found their prejudice to rhyme too strong,
 Each

Each other grace, when that did not appear,
 Displeas'd the long habituated ear ;—
 All vary'd rests, and all descriptions pat
 Cou'd not compensate for the want of that.

With prefatory page to introduce
 The new endeavour to correct old use ;
 I doubt you cannot Britishly exempt
 Lyrics from rhyme——tho' welcome the attempt.
 To old improvements one may give their due,
 Yet like a genius that but hints at new ;
 In verse or prose to hint one now a-days
 I count a matter of no servile praise,
 Tho' for the reasons that you urge in print
 I cannot yield to your ingenious hint.

The leading maxim which is here embrac'd,
 To wit—that rhyme is certainly false taste,
 Is one, to which if you appeal to me ;
 I cannot yet by any means agree.
 To this reserving all the due respect
 For better information, I object.

Rhyme is false taste—and then you add beside—
 And what the learned antients all avoid.
 What learned antients? let me ask what all
 Into this taste were so afraid to fall?
 For as to those of Greek and Roman stem
 Avoiding rhyme——why rhyme avoided them.
 Nature of language upon rhyming feet
 Forbad the two antagonists to meet.
 This is no more a reason to defame
 Our rhymes in English, than for us to blame

The

The several ideoms which those tongues have got,
And we avoid—that is, we have them not.

Sameness of measure constantly pursued,
And close of periods, that still conclude
With the same sound, is irksome to the ear,
This is the reason next asserted here.
But are not measures in our common verse,
The very same which you your self rehearse.
The soft Iambic—in your phrase—and these
The English language falls into with ease.
Give then to measure, whilst you take the same,
It's easy, natural, unirksome claim;
Make fair appeal—nor guiltless rhyme assault
For measur'd sameness of Iambic fault,
And then let ears decide this single doubt,
Are lyrics irksome with them—or without?

With them you think—blank metre far excels
And bring a plain comparison from bells.
Rhymes are extremely irksome—so you say,
As bells are irksome rung the common way,
From which in changes if the ringers ring
Variety and harmony would spring.

Now bells when rung in changes, if you will,
May shew in ringers a superior skill,
But for the music of their various change
Give me the simple tuneful octave range,
Of steepled sounds the plain harmonious part,
The rest is all but janglement of art,
Less apt, as hearers I have heard complain,
To please an ear, than to disturb a brain;

Of this allusion one may then admit,
And rhyme not suffer I conceive a-bit.

Why recommend, for reasons of this kind,
To men of genius and of vacant mind
To banish rhymes in general—to decree
The British Muse from Gothic fetters free?

These Gothic fetters all the Muses seek
In all the tongues, but Latin and but Greek,
Where verie excels, because they both are blest,
With fetters more than any of the rest;
Can yield to more and stricter rules, in fine,
That grace and strengthen the poetic line.
Our too-neglected language has too few,
Yet as if more were in it than enow
You banish rhyme—bid vacant minds provide
To lay its chief prerogative aside;
That one peculiar beauty you decry,
Which modern Muses are distinguish'd by.

Poets, for their encouragement, you paint
Less subject now to quantity's restraint,
Than were the antients—to be thus unt'y'd,
Is one advantage on the modern side.

Whereas in all poetical respect,
This one advantage, is one great defect,
One source of ruin to the minor clan,
Who think verse good verse, when they words can
By this advantage they run hobbling on, [scan,
Yea men of sense sometimes, like Doctor Donne,
With woeful proof what benefit is gain'd,
By being less to quantity restrain'd:

Of all restraints the justest—heretofore
 Less ty'd the modern bards, at present more,
 More ev'ry harsher freedom they coerce,
 And consequently write much better verse;
 'Tis true they don't in Greek and Latin sort,
 Fix by unvary'd rules, the long and short
 Of syllables—but a judicious bard
 Pays to their quantities the same regard,
 In length and brevity exact and clear,
 He wants no precepts while he has an ear;
 Wants no advantage, having no complaint
 Of being subject to the same restraint,
 Which they who are not subject to, I doubt,
 For Muse and metre, will appear too stout;
 What poet then wou'd any rhyme dismiss,
 For such a blank advantage, Sir, as this.

You add another—not at all confin'd
 To hasty dactyle of ignoble kind—
 So Dionysius and so Maſon term
 Poor Dactyle's measure, and so you confirm.

Severe enough—imagine he that lifts
 Wherein its ignobility consists;
 What I would ask is, why of antient folks
 Impose on us the freedoms or the yokes?
 Of antient folks, whose language and its pow'rs,
 Must have so oft a different turn from ours.
 'Tis our own language, Sir, when understood,
 That tells what freedom, what restraint, is good.
 'Tis Maſon haſt ignobly to asperſe
 The British Muse, who in her dactyle verse
 Subjects and measures properly apply'd,
 Exerts a grace to Greece and Rome deny'd,

Or

Or inattentive he, or injudicious,
 To blame her dactyle from his Dionysius,
 Or say—of metre that you please prefer,
 What Dionysius had to do with her?
 He knew her not—and 'tis a learned whim
 To think that she knew any thing of him,
 Or if she did—that she wou'd go to seek
 The rules for English, that he wrote in Greek.
 Young bards that write most promisingly well,
 And might in native sense and sound excel,
 Are oft by antient pedantry, at last,
 Lost in the blank of tragical bombast:
 Who wou'd not wish that they might take in time
 The grand preservative—the British rhyme?
 Not to forbid excursion, such as this
 Which you present, nor takes the Muse amiss;
 But when you chain her lyrics to your laws,
 Then she looks blank, and there she makes a pause;
 As well she may—if all her stock you vest,
 In blank Iambic, and its vary'd rest:
 One edict further if your preface goes,
 Adieu to poetry, and all is prose;
 Nor Goth nor Vandal has the Muse undone,
 But you, alas! her rhyme-distasting Son.

By fetters as you call them, Goths design'd
 Not to enslave, but to relieve the mind,
 By due recurrence of a kindred sound,
 To give their verse its true harmonious bound,
 Or in their sacred or historic rhymes,
 Best to record the worth of antient times,
 Best to instruct and edify the throng,
 Or cheer their hearts with memorable song;

Tho' rough their speech, and its improvement small,
It gave them rhymes, and made amends for all.

What language, Sir, in European sphere,
Does not this Gothic force of sound revere?
What poet is there whom this critic haſt,
Does not condemn for certainly falſe taſte?
Not that I plead preſcription—but excuſe
For not conſenting to deſtroy its uſe;
Secure of candour in you to diſpenſe,
With what occurs in honeſt rhymes defence.
The vacant minds that come into your views,
And think to reſcue, will but rob the Muſe,
If what you call a fashionable chain
Is no incumbrance, as you here maintain,
But an advantage, which the Muſe muſt teach,
A vary'd reſt that antients could not reach.

By your account of rhyme one wou'd ſuppoſe,
That the ſame ſound all periods muſt cloſe,
This may be irkſome—but 'tis not the caſe,
For vary'd rhyme affords a vary'd grace;
No need of ſameneſs to recur ſo oft,
As does the pauſe of your Iambick-ſoft,
Which tho' you ring in artful changes thro'
The bells for lyric meaſures are too few,
Tho' juſtly quite, and paufingly belyr'd,
The rhyme is wanting, and the ear is tir'd,
Tho' ty'd to quantity—as if it ſaw
No diſpenſation for ſo juſt a law.

Your country life will ſuffer no neglect
But that of rhyme—yet what is the effect?
Why

Why, that without it, all the arts beside,
 Cannot resist the torrent of the tide;
 Descriptive beauties that with Horace vie
 In British lyrics, want the British tie;
 All are dispers'd without this tie across,
 And ev'ry scatter'd beauty mourns its loss.

A loss which if you think it worth your care
 A skill like your's can easily repair;
 Distaste of rhyme, if you can once get o'er,
 And then retract—to versify no more—
 Can leave to plays and fictions blank sublime,
 And take your Virgils glowing warmth and rhyme.

If still averse consider, Sir, how hard
 From rhyme it is to wean a rhyming bard,
 The danger too that partly you foretel
 Of an affected pomp and painful swell;
 Too plain at present, and too likely lot
 Of future blank attempters—but if not,
 Who will assist the poor Goth-fetter'd Muse,
 If you yourself cry rescue—and refuse?
 Who will support your sentiment if true,
 Or give a fairer sample than you do?
 Or true or false, whatever one may say,
 Fairly proposed, it ought to have fair play.
 One thing, in fine, we both of us may think,
 Let rhyme, if reason be against it sink;
 But if on reason rhyme bestows a grace,
 Flourish the verse that gives them both a place.

Thus, Sir, with freedom and without disguise,
 I speak my simple notions as they rise,

Less

Less willing to object against your plan,
 Than to receive conviction, if I can,
 But when a friend inquires, I think it just
 To play the critic, and fulfil the trust ;
 And then for fear of being prepossest,
 I leave the judgment to my friend's own breast.

P. S.

Since this as your's induced me on the book,
 Of antient Horace to bestow a look,
 Led like a packhorse by preceding chimes
 To tread the tract, the beaten tract of rhymes,
 I pick'd up such as lay upon the road,
 To look the gen'ral topics of his ode,
 To please the Muse, while in her rhyming cue,
 Not with intent to vie with him or you,
 For you may find much greater fault in this,
 Than I in your's——however, here it is.

I.

Happy the mortal who can now,
 Like men of antient set
 With his own oxen acres plow.
 Paternal clear of Debt.

II.

He neither hears the trump of war,
 Nor dreads the raging main,
 The clamours of the noisy bar,
 Nor haughty Cit's disdain.

Shoots

III.

Shoots of his own luxuriant vine
 With poplars pleas'd to wed,
 Useless to lop, or if they pine,
 Plant happier in their stead.

IV.

To view his lowing herds that roam
 Around the valley deep,
 To press the honey from the comb,
 Or shear his languid sheep.

V.

Now stretch'd some aged oak beside,
 Now on th'imprinted grass,
 While from the rocks the waters glide,
 He hears the feather'd class.

VI.

Woods eccho still their plaintive song,
 Brooks murmur thro' the fields,
 To gentle slumbers laid along,
 The happy rustic yields.

VII.

Soon as th'autumnal year prepares
 The weathers wintry store,
 With many a dog to destin'd snares
 He drives the bristly boar.

Or

VIII.

Or net suspends on slender poles
To catch delightful game,
The tim'rous hare or bird that proles
Voracious, wild, or tame.

IX.

While thus amus'd, and thus employ'd,
Who is there that wou'd heed,
Would all the mischiefs dire abide
That love is wont to breed?

X.

Or if a chaste endearing wife
His rural blifs shall share,
She chears the neat domestic life,
Sweet prattling babes her care.

XI.

With smothering warmth prepared to burn
The dry old log she lays,
And if her weary spouse return,
Revives the focal blaze.

XII.

Of folded flocks from dales and hills,
The milky treasure stor'd,
Fresh clean brew'd wine she draws, and fills
With chear unbought, the board.

And

And here—the Muse retiring bid me note,
 The rural epode ends that Horace wrote;
 This, Sir, to me, I must confess was new,
 Strange at first thought, but upon second true;
Non me Lucrina juverint consilia,
 Looks of his Muse so like another *filia*;
 That if you turn to Horace, you may find
 Sufficient reasons to be of my mind.

Another verse, tho' both for measure twins,
 On *fœnerator Alphius* begins;
Beatus ille had compleated quite,
 The rural day's description with its night;
 Too late, too betching, on a fair survey,
 The forc'd and stiff transition to — *non me*.
 Where Horace paints an usurer grown warm,
 About his own, and not another's farm.
 His *oves*, *boves*, *vernae*, *lares*, all
 Bespeak the landlord at his country-hall;
 Struck with a sudden sense of homely bliss,
 That avarice soon taught him to dismiss.

Another topic and another stile
 Begins your own—Great Britain, plenteous isle—
 Just imitator, fairly you forbore
 To force coherence with what went before;
 My fleecy care, as rightly you explain,
 My weary'd oxen—and my vassal train,
 Give a distinctive hint, from whence to date
 The speech relating to the miser's fate.

More likely then that to a different song
Beatus ille and *non me* belong.

In one the poet on description bent,
 The country life exhausted his intent,
 A fair sufficient and well-finish'd theme,
 Take it without the *foenerator* seam;
 Another subject was the mony'd squire,
 When gentle satyr touch'd the poet's lyre,
 Play'd off a speech more suitably concise,
 To a short fruitless interval of vice.

And yet in length——for here one may forebode
 Objection——equal to the following ode;
 Same measure too; or if insisted on,
 Some other reasons why the ode is one;
 They best account for the mistake, who threw
 Into one ode, what Horace meant for two.

Brief——to the miser his *non me* award,
 His own *beatus ille* to the bard.



Mr. COMBER-

An E C C L O G U E,

By Mr. COMBERBACH,
In R E P L Y to Dr. BYROM.*Majora canamus.* VIRG.

THE long enduring slave may sometime catch
 Relief, and resting on his oar, awhile
 Forget his chain, with transient prospect blest
 Of rural scene, or dome magnific. Thus,
 My Colin, your obliged friend, grown old
 In entries and records, once more presumes,
 Unpractic'd, to explore the Muses haunts,
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Or Night's soft landskit, where the full-orb'd moon,
 (How sweetly !) slumbers o'er the splendid banks,
 Of holy Dee, and trembles in her stream.
 Once more, at thy request, he fondly tunes
 His anxious mind, improvident of fame.

Harmonious Shepherd, such thy verse to me
 As cooling draught in sultry solstice, such
 As zephyrs wafted over violet banks,
 Dispensing and receiving incense sweet.
 In early life admir'd, for sprightly tale
 And easy sonnet ; Silver Irwell heard
 Thy sweet complaining, all a summer's day,
 Of absent fair, ev'n Britain's hardy sons
 Embrac'd the soft infection ; now mature,
 What honours on her fav'rite shall the Muse
 Confer ? this charming pipe ; here take it, erst
 By Syracusan Shepherd tun'd, and him
 Whose pow'rful numbers bent the list'ning oaks

On Mantuan pastures; Third possessor Thou.
 If haply bold Theorbo shou'd employ
 Thy glowing skill; behold, where waits thy call
 Urania, Lutanist celestial, she
 To Mantuan seer, thy great example, first
 Instruction deign'd, when rais'd by pow'rs divine
 From humble fields, he drew empyreal air
 Astonish'd, big with raptures, not his own.

No wonder, thus illumin'd, he foretold
 Approaching bliis, bright progeny of Jove,
 Effulgence of th'eternal essence, full
 Of grace and truth, celestial visitant
 On earth, to lead us in the paths of peace
 And justice, and restore the golden age.

Great Virgil thus: such Themes, my learned
 Friend,
 Would bear thy sprightly Pegasus aloft,
 To mix with spherul Consort, far above
 Fond flight of fabled boy, who, falling, found
 A watry tomb. Like his my feeble wing
 Unhallow'd fails me, hackney'd and impair'd
 In noisy crowds, and clogg'd with wordly cares.

Hide me, ye Muses, in sweet Marford's grove,
 Or cover me with humble cot, serene
 And vacant, there to cherish and let grow
 My ruffled plumes; thus strengthen'd, thus en-
 larg'd,
 To grace the copious harp with vary'd pause
 Be mine, Miltonic art, by Gothic chime
 Unfetter'd, nature's lofty voice, best tun'd
 To sacred theme, and sacred theme to song.

From

From that all-hallow'd time, when choral host
 Angelic, on the consecrated hills
 Of Bethlem, sung to simple shepherd folk
 Glad tydings, unto you this day is born
 A saviour, Christ the lord; to God on high
 Be glory, peace on earth, good will towards men!
 From that all-hallow'd time, the Muses left
 Parnassus, Delphic and Dodonian groves
 Grew silent, Pan himself forsook the fields.

Thee, Pan, enamour'd Mantinea mourn'd,
 Thee soft Cyllene; Pilot Thamus heard
 The lamentable dirge. Him sailing cross
 Th'Ægean, while becalm'd, a mighty voice
 Thrice hail'd; and thrice Euboeas concave creeks
 Rebellow'd, Thamus. Silent horror struck
 The boist'rous crew, 'till Thamus, fore aghast,
 Assuming ill-feign'd courage, spoke; who calls
 On Thamus? speed thee, Thamus, said the spright,
 To still Mycenæ, loudly there proclaim
 This mournful tale, the great God Pan is dead.
 Straight to Mycenæ driv'n by furious winds,
 Which there subsided, Thamus straight proclaims
 The mournful tale, the great God Pan is dead.
 Straight the hoarse shore of antient Pelops rings
 With dismal groans; Arcadian shepherds take
 The bounding sound, the great God Pan is dead.
 By Pan forsaken, who shall now inspire
 Enchanting song? who fill the sacred pipe?
 Pan first permitted not melodious reeds
 Want use, Pan lov'd the shepherd and his flock.

Fond shepherds, cease to mourn for fancy'd Pan.
 Behold th'almighty lord of heav'n and earth

Your

Your shepherd comes, with healing in his wings
 He comes. Hark! how th'angelic choir resound
 His gracious advent; join them pipe and harp,
 Lute, trumpet loud, and organ of deep stop,
 Each string and golden wire, with dulcet voice,
 To celebrate his praise in grateful hymns,
 And lift the Muses to their native heav'n.

From the Parnassian groves
 Pan himself forsook the fields

Three Pan, ornamented Mantles wound,
 Three soft Cyllene; Three Thymus heard

The lamentable cry,
 The Aegean, while he bawled, a mighty voice

Thrice hail'd; and thence Harpocrates crooked
 Rebellow'd, Thymus, that horror struck

The boisterous crew, the Thymus for aghast,
 Aflaming, ill-forg'd, who calls
 On Thymus? speed to, Thymus, said the sight,
 To fill Mycenae, loudly their protest

This mournful tale, that Pan is dead.

Straiten'd, the Thymus wends,
 Which Thymus wends,

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